

The Weekly Expositor

J. A. MENZIES, Editor and Prop.

VALE.

MICH.

Two men held up an operator at Tracy and secured three cents. There are lines of industry which are safer and pay fully as well.

These are the days the mother thinks of the son whose hair is a sight, and wanders over in her heart: "Where is my quarter back to-night?"

Some men are much like the Arizona bull which has just made a record by bucking a Santa Fe engine off the track. The bull was killed, but the record stands.

This Japanese national flower is the chrysanthemum, but the Japanese national character, as expressed in the Chinese war, would be better represented by the daisy.

It is all right, perhaps, for the pure food reformers to throw discredit on the potato, but the potato was here a long time before the reformers and it will be here a long time after they are gone.

A PACKING house run on Chicago methods in Liverpool is the latest idea of the meat kings, Swift and Morris, who propose to ship cattle, etc., from the states in their own ships and kill in England.

The Montclair, N. J., women have our sympathy. They have been pulling down patent medicine sign fences in their vicinity, relieving their landscape from some horrible eyesores. In just what light a police justice will regard this "art movement" remains to be seen.

EXTENSIVE frosts along the Atlantic seaboard are said by the marine hospital corps to end any danger of a visit from cholera, yellow fever or any epidemic this year. Had it been a matter of choice the country would have preferred the frosts to the epidemics, but the victims of the former will kick just the same.

ANTIQUARIAN Josiah W. Woods, who has been investigating the subject, reports that "William Penn paid above thirty thousand pounds more than he got" for Pennsylvania. But the parties who acquired title to it through him found it a fairly good investment, at least, they are not inclined to sell at anything like first cost.

CANALS are among the best state investments of New York, the revenue derived from them, paid into the state treasury, exceeding both cost and maintenance by \$15,710,000. Had the earnings of the Erie and Champlain not been held down by side canals the figures would be close on \$29,000,000. New York is blessed in owning waterways as well as railways.

BANK burglaries are growing less frequent and train robberies more frequent than they were formerly. It is reasonable to suppose that the same precautions and mechanical devices which have proved effective in the former case may yet be found useful in the latter. A good railway express safe with a time-lock would seem to have its advantages.

HERE is a compliment from an English source which Americans may be slow to reciprocate. "Take them as a whole," says the London Spectator, "the Americans are the kindest race on the face of the earth. In spite of their eagerness, their push, their desire to be in the front rank at all times and all seasons, the true American seldom fails in kindness."

ANOTHER rumor of another new magazine is in the air, to be published in New York. The critic aptly says: "To make a new magazine successful in these days, it must have an excuse for being. It can no longer follow in the wake of others, it must make a wake of its own. And if it can reverse this order of nature and send its wake flashing a path in front of it, so much the better."

The next Washington monument will be reared on the site of the house in which the father of his country was born at Wakefield, Westmoreland county, Va. Fifteen years ago congress began the slow process of laying the foundation for the appropriation. Now, after a wharf has been built to give approach to the site, the government finds itself with \$16,000 available for the monument.

SINCE writers on hygiene have convinced the intelligent readers of this country that nuts have a much higher value, when their nutritive qualities are considered than have the apple, peach and pear, and the attention of agricultural authorities has been drawn to the subject, it has been found that America's demand for nuts is largely supplied by foreign growers, that the great bulk of nuts consumed here are imported, when nearly every variety could be grown with profit by the American farmer.

THE Paris edition of the New York Herald announces the arrival of "the well-known American author, Louise Chandler Moulton, whose non-de-guerre is 'Amelle River'." Wonder what her name would be in Paris if she wasn't so well known?

As though to rectify the prevailing tendency toward concentration of wealth and population in cities, the remains of "boom towns" in Oklahoma and Western Kansas are being carted out on the prairies and used to ornament the farms and ranches.

TABERNACLE PULPIT.

THE LOOKING GLASS AS A SERMON SUBJECT.

If We Could Only See a Reflection of Our Hearts the World Would Indeed be Better.—The Truths of Jesus Christ Are Forever Interesting.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 28.—Rev. Dr. Talmage, who has left India and is now on his homeward journey, has selected as the subject of his sermon to-day through the press: "The Looking Glass," his text being Exodus, 38:18: "And he made the laver of brass, and the foot of it was of brass, of the looking glasses of the women assembling."

We often hear about the gospel in John and the gospel in Luke, and the gospel in Matthew; but there is just as surely a gospel of Moses, and a gospel of Jeremiah, and a gospel of David. In other words Christ is as certain to be found in the Old Testament as in the New.

When the Israelites were marching through the wilderness, they carried their church with them. They called it the tabernacle. It was a pitched tent; very costly, very beautiful. The frame work was made of forty-eight boards of acacia wood set in sockets of silver. The curtains of the place were purple, and scarlet, and blue, and fine linen, and were hung with most artistic loops. The candlestick of the tabernacle had shaft, and branch, and bowl of solid gold, and the figures of cherubim that stood there had wings of gold; and there were lamps of gold, and snuffers of gold; so that scepticism has sometimes asked: Where did all that precious material come from? It is not my place to furnish the precious stones, it is only to tell that they were there.

I wish now more especially to speak of the laver that was built in the midst of that ancient tabernacle. It was a great basin from which the priests washed their hands and feet. The water came down from the basin in spouts and passed away after the cleansing. This laver or basin was made out of the looking glasses of the women who had frequented the tabernacle, and who had made these their contribution to the furniture. These looking glasses were not made of glass, but they were brazen. The brass was of a very superior quality, and polished until it reflected easily the features of those who looked into it. So that this laver of looking glasses spoken of in my text did double work; it not only furnished the water in which the priests washed themselves, but it also, on its shining, polished surface, pointed out the spots of pollution on the face which needed ablution. Now, my Christian friends, as everything in that ancient tabernacle was suggestive of religious truth, and for the most part positively symbolical of truth, I shall take that laver of looking glasses spoken of in the text as all suggestive of the gospel, which first shows us our sins as in a mirror, and then washes them away by divine ablution.

Oh, happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away!

I have to say that this is the only looking glass in which a man can see himself as he is. There are some mirrors that flatter the features, and make you look better than you are. Then there are other mirrors that distort your features, and make you look worse than you are; but I want to tell you that this looking glass of the gospel shows a man just as he is. When the priests entered the ancient tabernacle one glance at the brazen side of this laver showed them their need of cleansing; so this gospel shows the soul its need of divine washing. "All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." That is one showing. "All we like sheep, have gone astray." That is another showing. "From the crown of the head to the sole of the foot there is no health in us." That is another showing. The world calls these, defects, imperfections, or eccentricities, or erratic behavior, or "wild oats," or "high living"; but the gospel calls them sin, transgression, filth—the abominable thing that God hates. It was just one glance at that mirror that made Paul cry out, "Oh, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" and that made David cry out, "Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean; and that made Martin Luther cry out, "Oh, my sins, my sins!" I am not talking about bad habits. You and I do not need any Bible to tell us that bad habits are wrong, that blasphemy and evil speaking are wrong. But I am talking of a sinful nature, the source of all bad thoughts, as well as of all bad actions. The apostle Paul calls their roll in the first chapter of Romans. They are a regiment of death encamping around every heart, holding it in a tyranny from which nothing but the grace of God can deliver it.

If you could catch a glimpse of your natural heart before God, you would cry out in amazement and alarm. The very first thing this gospel does is to cut down our pride and self-sufficiency. If a man does not feel his lost and ruined condition before God, he does not want any gospel. I think the reason that there are so few conversions in this day is because the tendency of the preaching is to make men believe that they are pretty good anyhow—quite clever, only wanting a little fixing up—a few touches of divine grace, and then you will be all right; instead of proclaiming the broad, deep truth that Payson and Whitefield thundered to a race trembling on the verge of infinite and eternal disaster. "Now," says some one, "can this really be true? Have we all gone astray? Is there no good in us?" In Hampton court I saw a room where the four walls were covered with looking glasses; and it made no difference which

way you looked, you saw yourself. And so it is in the gospel of Christ. If you once step within its full purview, you will find your whole character reflected; every feature of moral deformity, every spot of moral taint. If I understand the word of God, its first announcement is that we are lost. I care not, my brother, how magnificently you may have been born, or what may have been your heritage or ancestry, you are lost by reason of sin. "But," you say, "what is the use of all this—of showing a man's faults when he can't get rid of them?" None! "What was the use of that brazen surface to this laver of looking glasses spoken of in the text, if it only showed the spots on the countenance and the need of washing, and there was nothing to wash with?" Glory be to God, I find that this laver of looking glasses was filled with fresh water every morning, and the priest no sooner looked on its brazen side and saw his need of cleansing, than he washed and was clean—glorious type of the gospel of my Lord Jesus, that first shows a man his sin, and then washes it all away!

I want you to notice that this laver in which the priest washed—the laver of looking glasses—was filled with fresh water every morning. The servants of the tabernacle brought the water in buckets and poured it into this laver. So it is with the gospel of Jesus Christ; it is a fresh salvation every day. It is not a stagnant pool filled with accumulated corruptions. It is living water, which is brought from the eternal rock to wash away the sins of yesterday—of one moment ago. "Oh," says some one, "I was a Christian twenty years ago!" That does not mean anything to me. What are you now? We are not talking, my brother, about pardon ten years ago, but about pardon now—a fresh salvation. Suppose a time of war should come, and I could show the government that I had been loyal to it twelve years ago, would that excuse me from taking an oath of allegiance now? Suppose you ask me about my physical health, and I should say I was well fifteen years ago—that does not say how I am now. The gospel of Jesus Christ comes and demands present allegiance, present fealty, present moral health; and yet how many Christians there are seeking to live entirely in past experience, who seem to have no experience of present mercy and pardon! When I was on the sea, and there came up a great storm, and officers and crew and passengers all thought we must go down, I began to think of my life insurance, and whether, if I were taken away, my family would be cared for; and then I thought, is the premium paid up? and I said, yes. Then I felt comfortable. Yet there are men who, in religious matters, are looking back to past insurance. They have let it run out, and they have nothing for the present, no hope nor pardon—falling back on the old insurance policy of ten, twenty, thirty years ago. If I want to find out how a friend feels toward me, do I go to the drawer and find some old yellow letters written to me ten or twelve years ago? No; I go to the letter that was stamped day before yesterday in the postoffice, and I find how he feels toward me. It is not in regard to old communications we had with Jesus Christ, it is communications we have now. Are we not in sympathy with him this morning, and is he not in sympathy with us? Do not spend so much of your time in hunting in the wardrobe for the old, worn out shoes of Christian profession. Come this morning and take the glittering robe of Christ's righteousness from the Saviour's hand. You say you were plunged in the fountain of the Saviour's mercy a quarter of a century ago. That is nothing to me; I tell you to wash now in this laver of looking glasses and have your soul made clean.

When our civil war had passed the government of the United States made proclamation of pardon to the common soldiery in the confederate army, but not to the chief soldiers. The gospel of Christ does not act in that way. It says pardon for all, but especially for the chief of sinners. I do not now think of a single passage that says a small sinner may be saved, but I do think of passages that say a great sinner may be saved. If there be sinners only faintly hued, just a little tinged, so faintly hued that you can hardly see them, there is no special pardon promised in the Bible for those sinners; but if they be glaring, red like crimson, then they shall be as snow. Now, my brother, I do not state this to put a premium upon great iniquity. I merely say this to encourage that man, who ever he is, who feels he is so far gone from God there is no mercy for him. I want to tell him there is a good chance. Why, Paul was a murderer; he assisted at the execution of Stephen; and yet Paul was saved. The dying thief did everything bad. The dying thief was saved. Richard Baxter swore drunkenly; but the grace of God met him and Richard Baxter was saved. It is a vast laver. Go and tell everybody to come and wash in it. Let them come up from the penitentiaries and wash away their crimes. Let them come up from the almshouses and wash away their poverty. Let them come up from their graves and wash away their death. If there be any one so worn out in sin that he can not get up to the laver, you will take hold of his hand and put your arms around him; and I will take hold of his feet, and we will plunge him in this glorious Bethesda, the vast laver of God's mercy and salvation. In Solomon's temple there were ten lavers and one molten sea—this great reservoir in the midst of the temple filled with water—these lavers and this molten sea adorned with figures of palm branch, and oxen, and lions, and cherubim. This fountain of God's mercy is a vast molten sea than that. It is adorned not with palm branches, but with the wood of the cross; not with

cherubim, but with the wings of the Holy Ghost; and around its great rim all the race may come and wash in the molten sea. I was reading the other day of Alexander the Great, who, when he was very thirsty and standing at the head of his army, had brought to him a cup of water. He looked off upon his host and said, "I can not drink this, my men are all thirsty;" and he dashed it to the ground. Blessed be God! there is enough water for all the host—enough for captains and host. "Whoever will may come and take of the water of life freely"—a laver broad as the earth, high as the heavens, and deep as hell.

An artist in his dreams saw such a splendid dream of the transfiguration of Christ that he awoke and seized his pencil, and said, "Let me paint this and die!" Oh, I have seen the glories of Christ! I have beheld something of the beauty of that great sacrifice on Calvary, and I have sometimes felt I would be willing to give anything if I might just sketch before you the wonders of that sacrifice. I would like to do it while I live, and I would like to do it when I die. "Let me paint this and die!" He comes along weary and worn, his face wet with tears, and he lies down on Calvary for you. No, I mistake. Nothing was as comfortable as that. A stone on Calvary would have made a soft pillow for the dying head of Christ. Nothing so comfortable as that. He does not lie down to die; he stands up to die; he spilled hands outspread as if to embrace a world. Oh, what a hard end for those feet that had traveled all over Judea on ministries of mercy! What a hard end for those hands that had wiped away tears and bound up broken hearts! Very hard, oh dying Lamb of God! and yet there are those who know it and who do not love thee. They say, "What is all that to me? What if he does weep, and groan, and die? I don't want him." Lord Jesus Christ, they will not help thee down from the cross! The soldiers will come and tear thee down from the cross, and put their arms around thee and lower thee into the tomb; but they will not help. They see nothing to move them. Oh dying Christ! turn on them thine eyes of affection now, and see if they will not change their minds!

Oh, my dear friends, I wish I could coax you to accept this gospel. If you could just take one look into this laver of looking glasses spoken of in the text, you would begin now spiritual ablation. The love of Christ—I dare not, toward the close of my sermon, begin to tell about it. The love of Christ! Do not talk to me about a mountain; it is higher than that. Do not talk to me about a sea; it is deeper than that. And that is all for you! Oh, can you not love him? Come around this laver, old and young. It is so brimmed you can see your sins; and so deep you can wash them all away. Oh, mourner, here bathe your bruised soul; and sick one, here cool your hot temples in this laver. Peace! Do not cry any more, dear soul! Pardon for all thy sins, comfort for all thy afflictions, the black cloud that hung thundering over Sinai has floated above Calvary, and burst into the shower of a Saviour's tears.

Small Shot.
Life has no future to a man whose present is spent in retrospection. Brains are at a premium if they are inside a man whose heart is right. The world is full of praying Christians who never pay. Faith without works is dead. Sympathy is a rare commodity, especially when you emphasize its more practical side. The preacher whose religion is an every day experience can't help but be a soul winner. "Come unto me" is the master's invitation to anyone who will take up his cross and follow him. Casting all your cares on Christ means that you are not expected to bear one moment's worry. Some men hoard wealth for a rainy day and then never get a chance to hoist their gold plated umbrellas—Rams Horn.

The Result of Consecration.
God has promised to reward richly even here on earth those who give themselves entirely to him. Men talk of the great truths of scripture but fail to tell them. Some one once said to Mr. Moody, "It is yet to be seen what God will do with a man utterly consecrated to him." Mr. Moody replied: "That shall be seen in me." He did absolutely consecrate himself to God—and with what results the world to-day knows in part; we will never know the text of the results until eternity reveals them. God stands eager to bless others who will follow Moody's example.—Rams Horn.

Tea for the Tea Pot.
A chemical addition to the tea table is the patent Tanoco, or tea tonic tablet, a careful preparation of gelatine and alkaline salts, which, when added to an infusion of tea as directed, dissolves rapidly and combines with and dissolves the tannin contained in the tea, thus minimizing largely, if not entirely, the chances of that dyspepsia which is one of the worst effects of over indulgence in tea drinking. This is brought out in London, properly, for the use of the greatest tea drinking country in the world.

Tolstoi's First Literary Work.
Count Tolstoi laid the foundation of his literary reputation by writing news letters from Sebastopol during the Crimean war.

Young Men, Spill.
It is claimed nowadays that there is a tendency to spoil our young men by reason of there being too many maidens.—Chicago Journal.

ABOUT THE CAMPFIRE.

CAMPFIRE STORIES THAT VETERANS LIKE TO TELL.

An Alabama Captain Relates an Incident of Missionary Work—Battle Hymn of the Republic—Improving on Acquaintance.

Grant's Kindness of Heart.

I was captain of Company E, 38th Alabama Volunteers, infantry regiment at the battle of Missionary Ridge, writes H. T. Wright in Blue and Gray. Our regiment was in line near some old log houses, near General Bragg's headquarters. The first day of the battle we did some hard fighting and lost heavily in trying to hold this part of the line. I was with my men, encouraging and urging them to hold the line and drive the enemy back, when a minie ball cut my sword buckle, passed through my side and lodged near my hip bone. I fell and was unable to get up. About this time the Federals charged with such fury that our boys gave way, and the two lines went sweeping over me.

I don't remember how long I lay on the ground. I saw a lot of horsemen approaching. They halted near me. I saw that one of them was a staff officer, and he proved to be a member of General Grant's staff. I have forgotten his name. He saw me, dismounted and came to me and asked if he could do anything for me. I told him, "No." He saw that I was badly hurt, and told an orderly to bring him some water. He handed him a canteen. He took a flask from his pocket, poured some whisky into a cup and told me to drink it, holding me up while I did so. He then went and mounted his horse.

About this time General Grant rode up, a short distance from where I lay on the ground. He inquired of the first officer who I was. The staff officer replied: "It is a rebel officer, and he is badly hurt." General Grant then got down and came to me and wanted to know my condition, inquired how I was shot and if I was in much pain. He soon learned that I was seriously, if not mortally wounded, and he called his staff surgeon and had him examine me.

The general then wrote something and handed it to his orderly. Who took it and rode off. Soon some Federal soldiers came with a litter, and General Grant told them to take me down the mountain to the ambulance train and thence to the hospital at Chattanooga.

I was placed on a litter and carried down the mountain side, more than half a mile, over as rough a road as you ever saw, and with all the care the men used to keep from hurting me I suffered a great deal, and by the time I reached the ambulance I was about ready to pass in my checks. The ambulance soon conveyed me to the hospital, where written instructions from General Grant were handed to the surgeon in charge, stating that I was to have special attention.

A Dr. Cook from Indiana, I think, took me in charge, and for nine days and nights he staid by me and never let me want for anything. It was a close shave, but I made it, though. General Grant came to see me and talked kindly and friendly to me about my home, where I was from and about the war. I never forgot him for his kindness to me. Dr. Cook was like a brother to me—God bless him—and I would like so much to know if he is alive. If so, I want to write to him and thank him for saving my life, and if he is alive and will come to Chattanooga the latest string will hang on the outside of the door. After I had recovered enough to be moved I was sent North with other prisoners. Went to Camp Chase; from there to Fort Delaware. Was in prison for twenty-two months and was there when the war ended. I will always have a kind feeling for General Grant. Have never recovered from the wound.

The Dead at Vicksburg.
A newspaper correspondent of the time writes of the dead who had fallen in one of the most desperate of the Union assaults on Vicksburg: "They lay in all positions, some with muskets grasped as though still contending; others with cartridges in the fingers just ready to put the deadly charge where it might meet the foe. All ferocity was gone. "A remarkably sweet and youthful face was that of a rebel boy. Scarcely 18, and as fair as a maiden, with quite small hands, he had long hair of the pale golden hue that Auburn changes to when much in the sun, and curling at the ends. He had on a shirt of coarse white cotton, and brown trousers, well worn, while upon his feet were women's shoes of about the size known as 'fours.' Too delicate was his frame for war, perhaps some mother's idol. His left side was torn by a shell, his left shoulder shattered. "Two men who had caught at a big tree to help them up a steep embankment lay dead at its foot; the branch at which they had caught was still in their grasp. "In one trench lay two, grasping the same weapon, friend and foe. On the faces of both was the calm that follows sleep. In some places the dead were piled literally like sacks of grain."

Improving on Acquaintance.
Some of the soldiers belonging to a Rhode Island regiment in Maryland, wandered off one day to a farmhouse, and commenced conversation with a woman, who was greatly frightened. They tried in vain to quiet her apprehensions. They asked for food, and she cried, "Oh, take all I have, take everything, but spare my sick husband." "Oh," said one of the men, "we ain't going to hurt you; we want something to eat." But the woman persisted in being frightened, in spite

of all efforts to reassure her, and hurried whatever food she had on the table. When, however, she saw this company stand about the table with bared heads, and a tall gaunt man raise his hand and invoke God's blessing on the bounties spread before them, the good woman broke down with a fit of sobbing and crying. She had no longer any fears, but bade them wait, and in a few moments had made hot coffee in abundance. She then emptied their canteens of the muddy water they contained, and filled them with coffee. Her astonishment increased when they insisted upon paying her.—American Tribune.

Soldiers' Fare.
The late count of Paris, as is remembered, with another French prince, was for a time attached to McClellan's staff. The count was a brave man, a good officer, and afterward the author of a first-class history of our war. The count maintained in the field about as elaborate a cuisine as he would have done in his beloved France. General Rucker, as the New York Herald revives the story, thus told how after a hard march to McClellan's headquarters he was received by the count and Colonel John Jacob Astor, who had McClellan and others at dinner:

"I was hungry as a wolf. I was making a pretty hasty toilet. I was taken over to an immense marquee. As I entered the light blinded me. General Marcy, the chief of staff, came forward, and I was presented to the French prince, whom I had not before met, and to Major, the Count Von Hammerstein, an Austrian or German cavalry officer, serving as a volunteer aide-de-camp. McClellan was a master of the art of conversation, and made us all comfortable. Such a table I have scarcely seen anywhere, much less at a general's headquarters in the field, when every man present, except myself, had been under fire that afternoon. There was fine silver, cut glass, beautiful table linen—everything a gentleman could have on Fifth avenue. We began with a beautiful bisque, then oysters, followed by shad. The roast was two immense turkeys; then the earliest vegetables. I remember cucumbers with the fish and cauliflower among the vegetables. After dinner there was fine claret, a Anglaise, coffee, cigars. I really seemed to be dreaming. Presently Marcy came over to me.

"Marcy," said I, "am I in dream-land, or have I suddenly been transported from this infernal peninsula to Delmonico's?" Tell me, for I don't understand it."

"Well," said Marcy, "this is the case. These French gentlemen received permission from the general to set up a mess for themselves. Colonel John Jacob Astor and Von Hammerstein were invited to join them and they did so. This establishment costs these officers about \$5,000 per month. They keep two caterers busy between here and New York and Washington, and have a French cook and the servants you saw. As they are all serving the government without pay and paying their own expenses besides taking their turn of duty, just like the rest of us, there can be no objection to their living as they may desire to," concluded Marcy.

"Well," said I, "they have certainly a devilish correct notion of what a mess ought to be, but I shouldn't care to pay the bills out of my own pocket." "When it was first established," Marcy went on to say, "they wanted General McClellan and me to join them. Of course, we could not do that. It would have been grossly improper for either of us to live in this fashion, and to be guests on permanent was not to be thought of. So we were asked to dine about three times a week and accept perhaps once or twice."

Battle Hymn of the Republic.
Mine eyes have seen the glory of the woman; of the Lord
He is tripping out the vista where the
scapes of wrath are stored
He has looked the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword
His truth goes marching on.
I have seen him in the watchtowers of a hundred
circling camps
They have built him an altar in the crevices
deeps and damps
I can read his riotous sentence by the dim
and flaring lamps
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished
rows of steel
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you
my grace shall deal;
Let the hero born of woman, crush the serpent
with his heel
Since God is marching on."
He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall
never call retreat
He is swift out the hearts of men before his
judgment seat
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! Be
jubilate my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born
across the sea
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures
you and me
As He died to make men holy, let us die to
make men free
While God is marching on.
In the Lock of Time.
The night after the battle of Chickamauga, General Steedman was riding past a cabin by the roadside. A woman at the fence said to him: "There is a dead Union officer in my house." Steedman dismounted and went in to see the dead man. He found him lying in a corner, covered with a blanket, where the surgeon had abandoned him. He pulled the covering off, stooped down, and by the light of a candle, recognized his old friend, Colonel Durbin Ward. He was cold and apparently lifeless. Steedman felt his pulse, and found a slight fluttering. Calling for his orderly who carried a canteen of whisky, he raised the dying man, and putting the canteen to his mouth, poured a liberal quantity of the reviving fluid down his throat. The reaction came, the surgeons were sent for, and Durbin Ward was saved. He never got done thanking Steedman.